

02194
THE HAUNT 75¢
OF
HORROR
SEPT. N: 3



THE HAUNT OF HORROR

**FEATURING:
GABRIEL
DEVIL-
HUNTER**

THE NIGHT OF THE
**SWAMP
STALKERS**
THEY RISE FROM
THE DEAD - TO HUNT
HUMAN PREY



PLUS: PHOTOS, FEATURES, AND THE **EXORCIST TAPES**



MAINT OF MAINTAIN is published by Golden Comics Publishing, Inc., 1000
 Princeton, 1000 St. Catherine St. West Montreal 150 Quebec, Canada. Published
 bi-monthly. Copyright © 1974 by Golden Comics Publishing, Inc. All rights
 reserved. Sept. 1974 issue Vol. 1 No. 3 MAINT OF MAINT OF MAINT OF MAINT
 Group are trademarks and trademarks of the Marvel Comics Group, which has licensed
 the production of this publication. From "The" in "The" and the "The" in "The". No
 similarity between any of the names, characters, powers, abilities, costumes, or the
 magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any
 such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This was produced in Canada.

STAN LEE presents

Vol. 1, No. 1
September, 1974

THE HAUNT OF HORROR

ROY THOMAS
Editor-in-Chief

JOHN ROMITA
Art Director

JOHN RYAN
Director of Circulation

TERRY O'NEILL
Editor

MARCIA GLOSTER
Design

WALLY WOLFE
Consulting Editor

LEN GROW
Production

Cover: JAG

Editorial Staff: CHRIS CLAREMONT, DAVID KRAFT, BOB WARDEN, ROGER BLUM, MICHAEL WOLFFMAN

Writers This Issue: CHRIS CLAREMONT, LARRY LIEBER, DOUG MOENCH

Artists This Issue: PAT BRODERICK, BILLY GIBBON, MIKE COSPITO, FRANK GACCIA, BERNARD KROGSTEN, LARRY LIEBER, PAUL MARCOS, AL SEIDMAN, VIN NORTON, MARK SIVERN, FRANK SPINDEL, BOB WILSON

TABLE OF CONTENTS

GABRIEL: THE HOUSE OF BRIMSTONE 5
Many are the ways of the damned. They can work from within a man. Or they can work from without, by turning his own flesh-and-blood into a weapon against him. Call it possession... and send for the Devil-Hunter!

HOT-LINE TO HORROR 22
The verdict on *House of Horror #1* is handed down... by you!

THE RESTLESS COFFIN 24
Many are the mysteries man was never meant to solve.

THE EXORCIST TAPES 27
Concluding: the most comprehensive commentary ever on the feature film that reshaped the art of horror cinema.

FLIRTING WITH MR. D 28
Behind-the-scenes with Gabriel and Doug Moench

THE SWAMP STALKERS 45
They came from the grave—in search of human prey!

THEY WAIT BELOW 54
They were beautiful, seductive, and deadly—to all mankind!

LAST DESCENT TO HELL 66
Seven days from now, Satan battles Death itself—and the prize is the Netherworld!



GABRIEL

People used to call you *Father Gabriel* when you wore the Roman collar. When you were a priest.

That's all gone now.

Gone ever since the night you found yourself possessed by a demon of Hell. You fought the possession, priest, fought as you'd never fought before, fought 'til you'd won. But the price, Gabriel; *ahhhn*, the price. Your right eye for one; a great, crucifix-shaped scar on your chest for another.

You left the Church. You became a "professional" Exorcist.



GABRIEL. Named for the Archangel of Heaven. A man snared deeply in the eternal war between Heaven and Hell, forced to battle Satan on Satan's terms.



WHAT ARE YOU
DOING FOR ME?

AND LEAVE
US TO OUR
PLEASURES.



PERFECTLY-- WHAT THE
DEVIL'S GOTTEN INTO
YOU?!

YOU'LL CATCH YOUR
DEATH! STANDING IN
THE WINDOW
LIKE THAT?!



NOW GET
AWAY
FROM THERE



AND LET ~~ME~~ SHUT THE
WINDOW IF YOU'D WANT!



HOW YOUNG LADY, YOU'VE GOT
SOME SUPPLEMENTS TO

ARE YOU
DR. CRAIG
MILLER?!



AND YOU KNOW VERY WELL
I'M YOUR SON DAUGHTER!

THEN HE HAD COME TO
THE RIGHT PLACE.



















THE WAR IS OVER AND HAS PLUCKED OUT HIS OWN EYE.

KRATCH!

STILL THE LIGHT WHICH
FLOODS BEFORE HIM NOW.

WOULD BE ENOUGH TO
GIVE A BLIND MAN BLIND.

FOUL DEMON
YOUR FLOOD DOES NOT
IMPRESS ME.

I HAVE BEEN FLOOD
BEYOND. HAVE HAD IT
BURN FROM MY EYE.

YOU WILL DO NO
BETTER THAN
COATING A ROOM
WITH **SOULLESS**
BLACK.

WOW AND I
IMPRESSION WITH YOUR
POSSESSION OF THIS
HEAVEN GATE...

WHEN YOU LOST
THE STRENGTH TO
POSSESS HER
FATHER.

I REPEAT GARIB.
--YOU CANNOT SOUL ME
I WILL NOT BE TRICKED
BY YOUR PSYCHO-DRAMA
RHETORIC

WE OF THE DARKNESS
AND BLIND KNOW ALL
ABOUT YOU. WE CONSIDER
OFFER TO DISCUSS OUR ULTIMATE
PLANS FOR YOU.

AND I AM CLOSE
TO ALL YOUR LITTLE
TRICKS. I HEARD
IN THE VOICE OF A
WOMAN THROUGH THE
VEIL OF A WOMAN.

BUT AGAIN--YOU DO
NOT IMPRESS ME. UNLESS
YOU CAN DEMONSTRATE THAT
YOU ARE ABLE TO
POSSESS ME.

YOU CANNOT TAUNT
ME, GARIB.
I AM WISE TO YOUR OLD
METHODS OF BRAGGADOCIA.



AND WE HAVE FORGED
A BOND OF AGREEMENT
O BREL.

THAT NONE
OF US SHALL ATTACK
YOU ALONE.

THAT WHO OF THE LION
BREAK THAT BOND AND TRY
TO POSSESS ME, FOR THEN
TWELVE HOURS AGO?



I DON'T
YOU ARE, O BREL,
YOU ARE.

DO NOT
LOVE, AND
YOU KNOW IT NOW
TRIED TO POSSESS
ME AND YOU WERE
TOO WEAK,
O BREL.



NEED I TELL
YOU'D ABOUT YOU
WERE WEAK.

WEAK ENOUGH
TO BE THREATENED BY
A WIFE'S GAZE.

OOOOOO!!

I CALLED ONLY
BECAUSE THAT STUPID
THOUGHT OF YOUR
INTERLUDE.



MY ARM ISN'T
THAT STRONG
GONE TO BE.



...FAR.

YOU WOULDN'T
GIVE UP, WOULD YOU?
WOULDN'T I LURE THE
BODY OF THIS
WITCHER?



"MAY" ARE THE
HOSTILES. AS A
WAS NEVER MEANT
TO DO IT.

THE RESTLESS COFFIN!

PERCE EDWARD IS AN
GRANDFATHER. HIS
DEARLY DEPARTED
WIFE, MARY, WAS THE
ONE WHO WOULD
HAVE HIM TO DO IT.

AND ON THE 15TH
DAY OF THE MONTH
OF THE YEAR 1890
HE WAS BORN IN THE
WORLD. HE WAS A
BOY.

HE WAS A BOY. HE
WAS A BOY. HE
WAS A BOY. HE
WAS A BOY.

STAGE-P?

I'LL HAVE NO SON OF MINE
ENTERING THE DECADENT
PROFESSION OF ACTING.

THEN YOU'LL
HAVE NO SON
AT ALL...

FOR I
MEAN TO
BECOME AN
ACTOR--
AND I
WILL
BECOME
ONE!

AND WHAT'S
MORE, I'LL BE
THE BEST--!

THE BEST AT
STAGEWASH,
I'LL REAGRE!

NOW, EITHER YOU
SHUT THIS FOOLISH
ACTION OR DO YOUR
DUTY AND DEFEND
THIS DOOR--

--AND NEVER
DARKEN IT WITH
YOUR SHADOW
AGAIN!

HE'S LEFT HIS ADHERENT'S WAY JUST AS
THE BOARDER A RIVAL SLAMMING DOOR.

AND YOU-- HE WAS
FILLED WITH FURY
DETERMINATION--



HE WAS SOMEONE
JACKING IN
CONSCIOUSNESS.

AND IT
WAS THIS
FACT WHICH
LED HIM TO
THE MOUNTAIN
OF...



"THE STORY HAD
MADE DARK TRADITION
AND COLLECTED
THE FOLKLORE AND
SCATTERING THE SEEDS...

AND IT SEEMS
YOUNG BRIAN HAD
COME OF AGE...



AND WANTS TO KNOW
IF A FORTUNE
AWAITS HIM...

COME IN, BRIAN, AND
HEAR YOUR FORTUNE.
IF ONE IS TO BE
TOLD.



I WISH TO ACT, ON
THE STREETS, IN
AMERICA...

AND I WONDERED
IF YOU COULD TELL
ME...

YES,
I CAN
TELL
YOU...



I CAN TELL YOU THAT YOU WILL
JOURNEY TO AMERICA, THERE
TO FIND GREAT FAME AND
FORTUNE.



BUT I MUST ALSO TELL
YOU THAT YOU WILL DIE...
AT THE HEIGHT OF YOUR FAME.



AND THAT YOUR SOUL WILL
NEVER FIND PEACE UNTIL IT
HAS RETURNED TO THE LAND
OF ITS BIRTH.



OF THE ANCIENT GREEK DANGEROUS
WORDS, THOU HADST TO BELIEVE ONLY
THOSE WHO WISHED TO BELIEVE
FOLLOWING THE ALL-WORTHY LOGOS...



TO NEW YORK.

AND SO, HE BOOKED A PASSAGE ON
A SHIP BOUND DOWN THE COAST
OF CALIFORNIA.

AND ONCE THERE, HE SOON
SWIFTED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE
SHADES OF OBSCURITY TO A
POSITION OF PROMINENCE
AND CRITICAL
ACCLAIM.



IT WAS ON THE HOP
OF HIS COCKING
PERFORMANCE AS
HE DARTED IN THE
ENTHUSIASM OF
THE MOMENT OF
TRUTH.



RAIN CLAIMED
HIS SPOTLIGHT...



AND DEATH
CLOSED THE CURTAIN
ON HIS FINAL ACT



NOT EVEN THE HANDS OF THE
MOST SKILLED PORTENTOUS HAWK
YOU'RE COULD SMOOTH THE
CONTORTED GRIMACE FROM
BRIAN'S FACE.



...AND HE WORE THAT MASK
OF GRIEF THROUGH HIS
SOMBER FUNERAL...



AND CARRIED
IT TO HIS...

GRAVE.

A FLOOD OF STORM
REMOVED THE
EVIDENCE THAT
HE WAS



LEAVING BRIAN'S
GHOST STAFFY IN
ANXIOUS...



DAYS LATER,
IT WAS
FURNERALLY
NOTICED.



POURING THERE, IT WAS
EVIDENT TOO.



JUST OFF THE SHORE
OF BRIDGE FORDWARD
ISLAND, CANADA.

A CORPSE



BRIAN
WILLIAMSLEY'S
CORPSE, A
MAN WHOSE
NAME YOU
COULD AN
EXPLANATION OF
BRIAN'S...



WHOSE BODY WAS THEN
BLIND TO THE SECOND TIME.

AND WHOSE SOUL
FOUND PEACE FOR
THE FIRST TIME
IN THE LAND OF
THE DEAD.



COMPLETE AND UNCUT



THE EXORCIST TAPES

The full text of the Submission of
Recorded MarvelManic Conversations
to The Editors of Marvel and all
Interested Readers Thereof by the
Committee on *The Exorcist* (Other-
wise Known as the Magnificent
Seven plus Three).

With an introduction by
Chris Claremont of

**THE HAUNT OF
HORROR**



Well, as the saying goes, here we go again.

As many of you (at least, one hopes it was many of you; y'know, it's hard writing intros for Part II of something before Part I is even on the newsstands). I mean, suppose you tune Part I with a vengeance—no, let's not suppose that at all, and I'm digressing too much anyway; in a word, on with the show! may remember, the second issue of the HAUNT OF HORROR unleashed the first hour of a delightful little page of taped "conversation" called "The Exorcist Tapes" on an unsuspecting America. At the end of Part I, we promised you a Part II; and never let it be said that Marel waffles on its promises. Much. You want a Part II? you got a Part II.

Part II of what, you ask?

Well, Part II of a massive two-hour discussion wherein myself—ya faithful transcriber—and a number of fellow believers gathered at Gerry Conway's very hotcha West Side pad—at Mary Wollman's behest— to talk about The Exorcist, that much maligned, and much talked about horror film of recent vintage. And, in the fashion of the time, the talk was "begged." Also in the fashion of the time, the "bags will put." Right onto the pages of HAUNT OF HORROR. So, all one can say, pilgrim, is sit up, pull on your reading glasses, and plow on through the verbiage. We don't guarantee you'll like all of what the ten of us said, or that you'll agree with what we said, or agree that we said it at all. All we ask is that you read, and think, and—if you feel like it—let us know. That's what dialogues are for, right?

Peace, pilgrims, enjoy the read-through.

2 February 1994

Persons in alphabetical order: Chris Claremont, Gerry Conway, Steve Gerber, Chris Joseph, Dan McGregor, Sandy McGregor, Glynn Worn, Len Worn, Mary Wolfman, Michele Wolfman

MARY: Let's start with Mr. Glynn.

GLYNN: Okay... the reason I went to see the film?

MARY: Your reaction upon seeing the film first, then we'll delve into some other things.

GLYNN: My initial reaction was horror, and I was delighted because that was why I went to see the movie. To be horrified! But later on, it died down and I remembered the book. And I went back and looked at some stuff that was in the book and I felt that, as usual, the movie had not come up to what the book had been. And that's a shame, the case with movies, they never really duplicate a book.

MARY: Let me ask you a question, and maybe this is an important question we can all sort of answer: How the movie affected you? I don't mean the mere fact of a woman possessing the girl, totally destroying not only her but her family and the priest. I mean, Glynn, has there several times that her intention with this movie was to probe the points, not the kid. Or not even the mother.

LEN: The mother was totally cardboard.

MARY: Okay, so what was your reaction to this happening in the film and in reality?

LEN: Hard question. In reality, I'm skeptical—I've always been skeptical of that sort of thing, very skeptical. In terms of the movie, again, since the characters were not terribly well defined, I found myself not terribly impressed as how the possession was affecting them. It wasn't affecting them. Not really. It was affecting me. It was affecting you, it was affecting the audience. I knew that was who it was directed at—the girl wasn't presented for the sake of scaring up the kids of the people around her, she was presented for the sake of scaring up the audience.

MARY: Okay. Steve?

STEVE: I have a bunch of feelings from watching the thing. One of them—that we were talking about earlier—is that I wish I could do that in a comic book. Ah, this is a totally cynical judgement, you were asking about direction earlier. All right, I'm not sure I believe in the Devil and so forth or possession or any of that stuff, but for about two hours I did. And, I know this is one of the things that strikes me as wonderful about the film—the characters were really not convincing. At the same time, I was watching it and being, if not horrified, then at least amazed by what they were doing. I was asking myself who is this woman? Who is this priest? Who is this old man? What's going on here? What is Len J. Cobb doing in this picture? I know, questions like that. And you at the same time, all through all these judgements basically about the movie, not the direction. I was clear. Throughout the whole picture, not disgusted or



The film rather a *film* *Not* from actor JACK Mc GOWAN shot just weeks after filming his death scene in *THE EXORCIST*

revolted, but torn. To that extent, I think the film was a success. I think it accomplished what its aim seemed to be, which was to disgust the audience, which is basically what Len was saying and what Glynn was saying.

MARY: Okay, well I guess in a way I was slightly more affected in the film than most, in that it really did have that very strong impact on me in that it caused me to vomit, and I had to walk out for ten minutes.

STEVE: You know something weird, before you continue the time in between the scenes with the girl got me a lot more nervous than the scenes with the girl, just the sick anticipation of it. Did you feel that?

MARY: No, not really.

STEVE: The way I was seeing it, I was chewing at my chair.

MARY: I know, this is sort of odd, because in a way I'm sitting there and I'm saying this is a movie, I know, it's not repeating it to myself constantly or anything, but it's obvious that I'm watching a movie because at every climax the entire audience nervously giggles. They have to—no offense, this session that has built up in them when the girl does whatever it is she does at that particular point. It was the perfect pause for the director. Really, I did everything he told me to do. She threw up, I tried to throw up. LAUGHTER. It's real. The movie affected me to that degree. It got me where I wanted to get me. The pusher between the scenes of horror. I was able to bring myself down just to build up to the next thing. To me, the movie was really successful in that way. On a logical basis, in thinking about it, even while watching the movie—and



The production began on one I star just **HOW** it happened **Or WHY**

I was sort of... as a writer thinking how would I plot it—I was constantly annoyed that there were so many plot problems with the movie. I don't think writing problems addy enough—I think plot problems. Things were not explained things were done for the wrong reason. I thought—and at the wrong time, but a lot of things of that sort. But the movie was very, very effective—it affected me greatly—and I would say that I consider they did it that way on purpose. I really do. These people are capable and since he (WILLIAM PETER BLATTY, AUTHOR & SCREENWRITER OF THE **EXORCIST** BOOK & FILM) did it is the most, if he had really wanted to do it, in my opinion, in the movie, he probably would have... So I did take it as a good movie. I am annoyed at some of the plot inconsistencies that could have been easily corrected. The characterisation is something else, but that was knowing that Merrin has previously met the Devil—which ruins the ending as far as I'm concerned—not getting several other things out of it that after when I had read the book, I got out of it. Those things bothered me and that's plotting faults. Now I don't know if Blatty wrote them into the movie and, as Friedkin was editing it—as he says, until three days before the movie was released—well, that maybe that wound up on the cutting room floor. I'm not sure. But the movie succeeded! And I consider it a successful horror movie. Let's go to Michele.

NICHELE: Okay, well, whenever I read a book before seeing the movie, I got involved with it, and I read to the situation in the same way people would for the first time. I don't think of it as a movie or three with or

whatever and somebody's filming it. That's just the way I enjoy things. But as a child I can remember my Grandmother and her sisters using the same board, and they had a corner, and it was all done in secret because her sisters were all Catholic and that was something you weren't supposed to do. So there was, like some corner about that and they had a corner that they used every time and I mean I tend to believe in things like that anyway. And I think another reason that movie really had an impact on me was because for at least fourteen years of my life, for at least over a week—if not every day—I would pass by those walls in Georgetown, 'cause I lived there.

STEVE: Was that real?

NICHELE: Those stories were the most frightening thing I never walked up them and I never want to walk up them, but every time we walked by there it was pointed out to us or we pointed it out to someone who'd never seen them before. And I'm very familiar with that area. And just that being real and the people being reasonably real... I believed it.

MARY: Sandy, do you want to make any comment?

SANDY: I did not want to go see the movie, I was under severe protest. But I didn't want to get left out, either. I was horrified by it. I did not watch a good third of it. And every time we'd go into the little girl's room, I didn't watch it. I didn't leave the theatre, I stayed, but I couldn't bring myself to watch it. And now I'm mad as all get out because I didn't, but I couldn't bring myself to watch it. I did see one scene that bothered me tremendously—probably the other scenes would have upset me, but they wouldn't have bothered me as much as this one scene that I did see.

MARY: Which scene was that?

SANDY: Right at the beginning. The cross.

NICHELE: Was it so much the cross?

SANDY: No.

NICHELE: Or what she was doing with it?

SANDY: Right. The pain. The blood and the pain. I saw it not right after I saw it I looked down. But it was too late, I'd already seen it. And probably the rest of it wouldn't have bothered me as much as that one scene bothered me. I looked down at my necklace. We were like three rows from the front. I mean we were in the movie, we were right in that room with those people. I couldn't have avoided it if I didn't look down and close my eyes. But I think I panicked ten times over.

MARY: Don't?

DON: Basically I agree with a lot of the things you said. Mary, it works as a horror film because it involves you in the movie, whether you think the characters are or not. It's really pleasant in the movie while you're in it. It's a whole strange experience going to see the movie because I, went in a whole group and stood four hours out in the cold waiting to get in to see it.

GERRY: You should've come with us, Don.

CHUCK: We only used two hours.

person being possessed, whatever that implies against the Church.

DON: No, I didn't have any idea of what the film was about. I knew exorcism. I knew that the girl was possessed and that they had to exorcise the demon from her! That's my only idea of what the film was about. I had another knowledge of it.

I knew it was going to be a horror film, but I didn't really feel that it was going to affect me very greatly. It wasn't a feeling that I'm aware of at all but I really didn't think it would bother me a whole helluva lot, and we got into the film and it's a funny thing: they turned down the heat in the theater. They put the air conditioner on for the last twenty minutes of the film, then *you rise out of wherever you're sitting*. So you really get the feeling that you're in that cold room. And the audience reacted at all these cold parts and it's funny: you're right, Steve, those build up parts probably created the most tension and I know, working in theaters that each time they went up into the girl's room it was going to have to be worse than the time before and yet it continually puzzled me out. Because I'm preparing myself to see Rogan in a very decomposed state, I say to myself, *it's really going to be worse and GW, GW, I got to ignore our own and I go out, and I'm sitting there and I'm looking over at Sandy and she's not looking at the screen. And they go inside the room and I'm expecting to see the girl in some sort of decomposed state and suddenly they show you Father Karras smoking!* And I was just not expecting to see this woman. If I'd read the book, obviously I would have been expecting it. The scenes that bothered Sandy did not bother me. The strange thing is, though, with many of the sequences, my aversion of them bothered me much more than when I was in the film. "I know." When I walked out of the film, I was disturbed. I don't think you can use typical terms for the movie in saying it doesn't scare people; it really doesn't. It does. I think, maybe there's a little.

SANDY: Disturbs them.

DON: Yeah. I think it disturbs them for the most part. The thing is, when we walked out of the theater—for the film obviously works as a horror film—I was with three other people and they were all disturbed to some extent, maybe for different reasons, but I don't mean horrified. I just mean disturbed.

I never dreamed about the movie. I never had any dreams about it, as such, although the first night I was afraid when I went to bed that I was going to see certain images that I didn't want to see anymore. Now, I wanted to see certain portions of the film over again because I felt that the ending went by so fast—I was expecting this whole long exorcism and Max von Sydow comes in and he's on the movie for about twenty minutes and then he's dead and then Karras is dead and I'm sitting there going, *what the hell happened?* Did I miss something? But the ending of the film—I still got swept up into it because I jumped up out of my seat at the point Karras started beating the little girl and said, you dropped **EXPLETIVE DELETED**, **CHARACTER REFERENCES** and yelled and the audience, they didn't care because they were yelling the same thing because they were all swept up into it and then the film was over and I



One of the best bits, that something is not wrong. Rogan is just going mad!

CARLA: Don was the scariest, a very vocal one?

DON: Very, very vocal.

There was a couple behind us, two girls sitting in one guy's lap. And I don't know if he was having a good time, but he looked like he was so scared that he wasn't even doing anything! It was really strange, these people sitting in one seat.

So I think as a horror film it does work. I agree with all the weak points of the film, I think the film ends too quickly. Even though Freedson and Mann state that they're doing a thing about *Good over Evil*. I think Gerry's right. I don't think that's the purpose of the film. What the film is, it is to horrify people **TWO EXORCISMS** and me as it disturbed me as I have not walked into a film where I've come out and, well, for the next six hours started questioning myself as to why I do what I do or why I wrote some of the things that I do. I did do some re-evaluation, which normally I don't do when I go into a movie. Now I don't know, I'm not saying that makes the picture valid or worthwhile. I'm just saying as a horror film.

LEN: Now I understand why you write so heavily.

HARRY: Chris, your comments.

CHRIS: Well, I understand I came out of the film and my first reaction standing out on the street, I just said, *How?* I was really impressed by Freedson. I thought this was a Roman Catholic French Conversation; I knew, that kind of feeling that this was a really well put together film. There was no bias in the film that I felt was, I think, lacking in taste, and there was bias, that was, even, but it was a something like I remember the



Scaryests call it POI TERGIST PHENOMENA: Regan and her mother call it NIGHTMARE

book. It wasn't disturbing. I mean I thought—gee, this is a really horrible film—and I went to work the next day and people asked me: what did you think of it? And I said: this is a really horrible film. It's gross. But it's propo-ri-ate.

But I dunno in the weeks since—and I have to admit I don't know how much of this is on my own, or because of outside input—I found myself seriously questioning the film and what it says and what it does. Because, like, my own researches as far as the text stuff has gone has taken me into things I never knew before, especially in terms of witchcraft and Satanism and the existence of Satan and God and all this stuff. It bothers me. I found that it bothers me not so much on whether or not you believe in it, it's just—the film has a feeling to it in when you get out—it's a weird kind of effect as far as it goes for me—that it's wrong. That, to me, I can see it by saying I'm looking through a peephole at things that are, in the context of that film—wrong. I really resent the film. I resent what it does—it's grating portraiture.

MARV: Chris, what do you mean you resent the film and for what reasons do you resent the film?

CHRIS: I felt used. I felt exploited—

MARV: Okay, Carla?

CARLA: Well, having worked as a dancer and a playwright and an actress in theatre and film, I felt very much that the film was a bunch of cheap tricks. You have a very, very tight string and leading this production. If you hadn't had this cast and you hadn't had good make-up, you would have had

a tumble-bomb of a film, because the cheap tricks that were used—every time there was a highlight in the show, in the film, it was people coming up on the skin, it was, help me, coming out, it was somebody throw up green bile. I mean these were the high points, the scary points. Or her bed lifted up. I mean there was not one real scary point in terms of the entire. Every thing was technical in that whole film. I went there and I wanted to be horrified, like *Gilda*. I went there because I wanted to be scared. I didn't come out having been scared, or having really believed very much in devilry, or sorcery. I came out feeling that a lot of good technical stuff had been presented and a lot of people had worked hard, but that they hadn't really got me affected to the point where I was really scared. But I found as days went on that I was less and less affected, and I kept saying, *hey, that would be a good trick—like the bed rising—no one is controlling that*. I really felt much more like it was a *Headline* kind thing of make-up jobs and special effects more than anything else.

GERRY: I guess I have to say that I was affected by the film when I saw it and I came out of it and I was affected and I went home and I was affected and I went to sleep and I was affected and I woke up in the morning and I was affected and then it went away. Because, the whole thing seems to boil down to what Carla was saying. I think she was right on the surface of it—the actors made the movie. If there was anyone who was less capable than they were performing the things that they did, we would have laughed one way out of the theatre.

Sometimes a director is so powerful in a film, it doesn't



CARLEA KARWAL *It would have been incredibly psychological on Park Avenue. Instead, it became a joke.*

matter who is it and that is a fact. You can look at a film like *2001* [A SPACE ODYSSEY] who came who played David Bowman. Poole and Frank Bowman [ACTUALLY FRANK POOLE AND DAVID BOWMAN? They're completely interchangeable it could be any actor in the world. Hitchcock has always used unknowns. Characters who were just characters that just walk through the film and he does it. A strong device or makes for a strong film. In this film, Friedkin really fell down tremendously in the actual direction of it. Everything that was contributing about the film was contributing because of the way the characters played the roles. And that is Carlo was, was because he got an incredibly good cast. Now, when you start analyzing the film and of course we have to ask ourselves whether we should bother analyzing a film like that. Ah, that's what we're here for, we're not here to say, *Wow, wow, we should!* I mean, that's a completely useless statement. It doesn't have anything to do with who we are here. We are here to look at the film and try to decide whether or not it's going to be as good as a work of art. And the question is: Are you going to go back to see the film three or four times as you would go back to see *Kung Kung* or *God*, any of the best of *Frankenstein*?

Now, I just want to tie this up. I feel that if you look at the film as a piece of cinema, you have to say it is successful in all—it is successful because of the actors and not because of the direction. Because the direction, in so many ways... as a people here did not realize that the character at the beginning of the film was the same guy who came in at the end.

MARV: Isn't that the woman's fault?

GERRY: No, that's the director's fault. Marv: The director's supposed to give you visual clues and he didn't.

CARLA: Because it might also have been in the script, you don't know what was cut out.

GERRY: Here we can just look at this from a director's point of view. You see two close-ups of Max von Sydow in that first scene, that whole first sequence. They're both close-ups in length, being cut. There is not a single close-up in it, well he moves so you can see the man's face. Then, the first time you see the man again you see him from a distance, when he's getting that coat, so you can't tell what he looks like, he's just a shape. And then the next time you see him is when he arrives at Georgetown and again he is just a shape. You don't see him, you don't see his face. Now that's a director's fault: that's a totally a director's fault. And that is a real flaw in the movie. If it's a flaw, what—the two of you in this group of six reviewers—made a certain aspect of the film.

TOM: I really feel that if there's any impact, it's because of the acting and because of the special effects, music and not because of William Friedkin. And that if it had been done by a director who added more to the film and fulfilled his technical responsibility, more than Friedkin did, it could have been an enormous hit, not have been a more horrible film but it may have been a film you'd be able to look at a few years from now, and it wouldn't be as dated as this film is going to be.

MARY: I just want to ask a question in this point: you can all go off into different directions if you feel like, but we're all intellectualizing the movie. One of the reasons Don was against my waiting so long—and, quite frankly, I didn't even let me wait now anyway—if we had done in the next day, that night, we might have made an immediate impact without any intellectualization. Here, at least, we've had a chance to think about it. But do you think that by intellectualizing the movie you are degrading it, the movie, or should you accept your initial feeling on the movie?

GERRY: Marvin, what you're asking is a hard question at criticism: this is a question which a lot of critics have to come to grips with. And since we're all playing critics here, we all have to come to grips with it. Which is do you approach a film for its feeling during it or for its worth as a piece of art? I see, what you're doing here is you're asking us to isolate. Don has taken the view that only your feeling during the film matters. I have taken the view that only your intellectualization after the film matters.

NICHOLE: Yeah, but the two points are really getting mixed up in this conversation.

GERRY: They both matter, but you have to ask yourself when are you better equipped to look at a film intellectually and when are you better equipped to look at a film emotionally. You're better equipped to look at it emotionally just after you've seen it.

MARY: Do then want you to look at this film intellectually and then just?

CHRIS: How you look at it is irrelevant after you've paid your four bucks.

CARLA: Having talked with people up at Warner Brothers, I think that they definitely wanted you to come away with more than I think any of us came away with. I do not think the film was just supposed to be taken as a gut-level reaction, which we're talking about here as the only reaction in which we were horrified. Granted! We were not intellectually horrified, most of us. I think, let's be a little elevated by the film.

LEN: Wait a second! I would like to know if they wanted us to go away with anything. Did they stand up and say to themselves, no, *we* will affect the world today? We wanna make a movie and *evacuate* a gonna go on our seat and they're gonna go home and then we gonna live with something or give them for the rest of their lives. Did they really sit there and say that?

MARY: No.

CARLA: Not the rest of their lives.

LEN: No? Okay, then, for an hour and forty-five minutes after they left the theatre.

GERRY: That's really funny.

SANDY: Mr. Cramer? I have a question for you.

GERRY: Sure.

SANDY: You said when you—you're the only person I've heard who's been walking down on *THE ENOCH* CUS?



Quentin's mother, the beautiful wife, died in New York. (Lester Ford took the shot)

CARLA: Me too.

SANDY: Besides you.

LAUGHTER

SANDY: You said that when you went in, you expected that movie and you have witnessed what say you really went up, y'know, you were affected by it.

GERRY: Yeah.

SANDY: You were horrified by it, you came out shaking, whatever. And now you're saying the direction wasn't good.

GERRY: Sandy, there's nothing.

SANDY: Lament with my question?

MARY: Let her finish. Let her finish.

SANDY: My question is this—if you went in and you paid three fifty or four dollars, and you sat down for two hours and you came out like this from a movie that's supposed to do that to you, don't you think it accomplished what it set out to do?

GERRY: Well, here's the question: was that what it set out to do?

SANDY: It set out to horrify you.

GERRY: All right, but entertainment goes on several levels. So only, it's not just your gut, it's also your mind.

LEN: Who was it Friedman made the movie for?

GERRY: Assuredly for the sad ones.

BOB: I think I can answer your question, Len. 'Cause I think you said, what did Friedkin set out to do? When he made *The French Connection*, he said, I'm gonna make an action picture. And that's what he set out to do. There's nothing more to *The French Connection* than an action picture. There's nothing more to *THE EXORCIST* than a horror picture.

MICHELLE: Carla said something about how a director has to commit himself to a picture.

CARLA: Yeah.

MICHELLE: And how he has to live with it, and, if he did that just for entertainment then, in other words, was it really worth it? But Steve and I came away with the feeling you were looking at what you saw as your daily life with a different perspective. And that's how it affects you.

MARY: Friedkin was on the *Moss Griffin Show*—graze that one—the week, I believe, just a couple of days ago, his comment—Blatty's comment when he was on the *Tonight Show* a few weeks ago—their comments every time I've seen them has been, we did it to do an entertainment picture, to enjoy it while you're there. It is not an Ingmar Bergman film.

STEVE: The book didn't affect me in using other ways than that. There were things in the book that might make you aware of things emotionally, but the matter I was going to bring up before was that Chris had mentioned something about *Love Story*. And I found that in some ways the two films were remarkably alike.

CHRIS: I didn't mention it.

CARLA: Oh, I did.

STEVE: I think they were both the same kind of movie, and the same kind of book. Now with *Love Story* the book was written actually after the movie, but the style is very much the same. I mean, Blatty was writing a screenplay. I think he wrote the book to write a best-seller so he could make the film, and I think both are exercises in manipulation of an audience. Nothing happens in *Love Story* except that you're supposed to cry at the end.

GERRY: And if we can have contempt for *Love Story* we can have contempt for *THE EXORCIST*.

LEN: You argue that he couldn't spend four years in a movie without being totally involved in it, with wanting to say something and have meaning behind it.

CARLA: I agree.

LEN: I just don't think that's true, because if you did you would have.

CARLA: No.

LEN: He devoted himself to the special effects, to getting doing the best horror movie he hopes has ever been made.

Like 1970s movie goer you, women whereas a sub discussion is going around our group concerning the recurrent appearance of Rose and Sandy McGregor who are thinking of going elsewhere to take in a more porno flick. From a barely steady pocket catalogue of novel, a far



Father & Sonnet (JASON MALLERY) purchased to re-print

choice is really produced. *THE RESURRECTION OF EYE* is somewhat better and more socially redeemable than *THE EXORCIST* while *Clyde* maintains that there isn't as such thing as a good pure movie. The *Conners* consider with a nomination of their own, a choice little number called *BAD BARBARA* Marvin (the *Mad*) ends the tape up by mentioning that we're getting just a new but important in our discussion. In other words, out of the tape. Again, We are all we're

STEVE: It's can continue with what I was talking about, *Love Story* touches on all this.

GERRY: *Clyde*.

STEVE: *Clyde*: not just clothes, certain sensibilities that we have, the idea of catastrophe disease.

CHRIS: Clean catastrophic disease.

STEVE: Clean catastrophic disease.

MARY: Please, he can write his own release.

STEVE: But all those things are there. The people look exactly right for their parts, Ryan O'Neal, and the girl whose name I forget.

CHRIS: Ah McGraw.

STEVE: Ah McGraw.

LEN: Casting Jack Klugman and Nancy Walker wouldn't have accomplished his purpose.

STEVE: Right? Exactly. But the whole thing was an exercise in manipulation. It was a slightly more sophisticated, much better made version of *Medical Center*. And once as long.

STEVE: *THE EXORCIST* does the same thing. To me,



the fundamental difference between *THE GEORGINA* and the *Wing* doing at the Saturday Matinees is that it touches its audience these things were still the religious sensibilities.

MICHELLE: You say you felt it was inappropriate?

STEVE: Right. It is. That's what I think it is.

MICHELLE: Maybe that's because you're never actually experienced an exorcism or seen anyone actually, really possessed.

CHRIS: Can I just skip in for a second?

STEVE: Yeah.

CHRIS: Speaking in respect to what Michelle said: when I was at school a lot of the dormitories at Harvard used to be old Indian mansions, which generally date back to the early 1800s. There was a friend of mine who was an actress and she was into using ouija boards, and, at various times during the four years we were there, she would encounter this ghost that haunted her dormitory. I mean, she wasn't the only one to see it, but there were times when she said the ghost entered into her. It's possible she felt because she said the ghost was trying to tell her it means her but it was a very real thing. Y'know, being back into what it was saying before, another factor in possession is the use of a ouija board by an uninitiated person. What it does is it's the old opening the door trick. Pandora's Box. All you have to say to yourself is maybe it is true. Once you say that you're susceptible, and once you're susceptible, you're vulnerable. Now, when does movie that does—all right, maybe *Pandora's Box* and *Blair* got together and said all right, let's make a COMPLETIVE DECLE. THEN good scary horror film. I don't think—Does anybody disagree—I don't think it was a horror film



Patrick Kavan: A main driver in the success of the movie of course who has lost his touch

except on the issue that *Night of the Living Dead* was a horror film because you saw people eating other people, and I didn't find that particularly troubling. I just found it kind of gross.

[He snarls and says this one triggered in someone knocking the tape recorder off its table, thereby causing a minor disturbance]

CHRIS: But the whole thing is that the film is not showing this in real fashion—and it isn't a too scary film—yet it's a scary young man, you know, you get possessed, but once if you do get possessed, just run around to the nearest church and get help or help me, and you're all right. [LAUGHTER] It's saying don't think it's mine, it's okay. It's a lot of fun.

STEVE: First of all, I don't think that's the message of the movie.

GERRY: There is no message in the movie? That's the problem?

STEVE: That's the point? In the case of the movie, I think there may be a message on people's reactions to the movie.

LEN: I'd like to know what we've accomplished here. Have we accomplished anything here tonight?

GERRY: We've just talked around in circles.

LEN: That's the feeling I get.

GERRY: The basic problem is we're trying to analyze a film that should not be analyzed.

MARY: Obviously it should be, because you feel one way and then fault another.

GERRY: Marvin, the only reason I feel the way I do is

because I've been trying to intellectualize that film. And obviously that's not the way to react to it.

MARY: There is one interesting thing that just came out about a minute ago. Really Steve said, there is no moral to the story. You said at the same time, basically, that there is no resolved point to the story. Steve was indicating that this may be.

STEVE: The point.

MARY: The purpose.

GERRY: Except that I reject that because presumably Blatty is the same person who wrote the book and the screenplay.

LEN: Right.

GERRY: And in the book there is a point.

LEN: Right.

GERRY: And, assumedly, unless he is a complete hack, which he may be.

LEN: I got that impression the moment I picked up the book.

GERRY: Well, the point is that there were certain things that he was aware of in the book that he didn't show an awareness of in the movie. Such as the point of possession being that it is not against the innocent person who is persecuted but against the people who surround that person, to make one despair. And you come out of the movie despairing.

LEN: Yes, but not for the people in the movie. He did not make the movie to show how innocent, how pos-

sessed, affects people there.

GERRY: Oh, yes, of course, we understand that. He did it to make you come out of the movie feeling sick. Emotionally sick.

STEVE: The whole thing is, suppose he had made the movie rather than with the intent of making that point, but with the intent of making you experience that feeling: suppose that had been the intent of the movie... suppose what he was doing was making you a witness to a persecution. Period.

LEN: He may be a very accomplished director who decided to produce this movie, and this was a movie that warranted production because of the things that one could accomplish in film—things, I think, one had to go in that direction he couldn't make it happy.

GERRY: Len, you read the book, you should not be saying that. Because you know that all that was needed in the movie to make it so.

LEN: Was to expose the characters.

GERRY: Well, at one point in the movie, at the same point that it was in the book, have Kurtz ask Merriam what is the damn point of all this? And here, Merriam says, *The point is not possession. The point is to make us despair.* That was all that needed to be said. He didn't say it. So that's that.

You could make a good *EXORCIST*. You could have made the worst movie. Better. That's the point.



I've looked at one line and stand, as in the picture of one of the Exorcist's Exorcists. When that journal is over, the "M.F.P." And the Exorcist is the Exorcist's presence.

FLIRTING WITH MR. D.



by Doug Moench

I snickered in derision at William Peter Blatty's every third talk-show smooth word.

That was, I'd guess, close to two years ago, on the occasion of his first appearance on the Johnny Carson Tonight Show. I watch very little television at all, so know, and none of it the Johnny Carson Tonight Show.

But I watched that night.

Blatty had gone to bed. I was comfortable on the couch with a stack of comic books. It was a hot night, but the female was next to me, and there was absolutely no reason for me to turn on that bloody idiot box. But something overcame me. Call it whim, or caprice, or indecision so vast it drowned the negligible effort of reading a comic book. Whatever it was, I crossed the selection.

So I popped it on and there he was, William Peter Blatty, author of the best-selling **THE EXORCIST**.

He was very grave and earnest as he related documented instances of demonic possession, devils and Satanism—specific cases on which he had based his fictional work.

It was interesting.

I listened, despite his act. You see, while he was quite reserved, quite scholarly, and oh-so-subdued in his tone and demeanor, he was also performing what I considered to be the most shrewd example of book-tying I'd ever seen. Rather than coming on and acting the fool so people would buy a book written by a fool, he came on and related intriguing anecdotes about his subject, so people would buy his book to read about said possession.

Cunning, I thought, and enjoyed it.

But then I began laughing to myself, snickering at those abhorrented every third words because Blatty launched into a seamless, uninterrupted tirade of personal

experience encountered during the course of writing his book.

He would be writing late at night, frightening himself in the silence, and his phone would jangle with deafening abruptness. He'd answer it, no one would be on the line. He'd hang up and go back to frightening himself. Another jangle made by no one. And several more, until he'd stopped answering it. And then the phone would jangle at the book—of its own volition!

Oh, thanks I think that type is degenerating. He's trying too hard to grab us now. But still, it is extremely odd, and even the book is quiet for once. It'll keep us





Blatty had called the phone company in bright 'n early the next day. They had assured him that he was irrevocably off his hook, and that what he'd described to them was completely unfeasible, not to mention impossible. Phonea pee do not pump off their hooks without a hand attached to them, they said, offering some technical gobbledegook to substantiate their repudiation.

Three minutes after they left, Blatty's phone jerked from the hook and plunked to the floor. No one was on

the other end.

I like a shiver at that. This guy Blatty's got a decent imagination. I thought, one equal to the demands of comic-book writing.

But there was more. His clock would stop at precisely the same time each night. He'd continue to stare himself at the typewriter, sometimes to an extreme which would force him to stop writing for prolonged periods.

And still more bizarre occurrences, all of which either impressed me with their absurdity or merely caused a shudder from my sleepily drooping lips. But there were genuine shivers between the cracks.

Blatty's tone dropped and I pepped the tube off and went to bed.

And gas woke at three in the morning. I'd had a light supper.

The two years passed and they decided to make a film of Blatty's sensational novel. Weird things happened. Actors got sick. Filming was delayed. Props turned up halfway around the world. Mishaps. Concoctions. A director fumed for his speed slowed to a virtual halt, and had trouble setting up one third the number of scenes per day he was accustomed to shooting. Accidents. Bad rides. One of the key actors died a week after the conclusion of filming. The nine decades after her first film never to set foot on another sound stage for the rest of her life. No one connected with the film blames her. Weird things.

And all a combination of coincidence and studio publicity hype. I am convinced, without even viewing the film or checking the numbers for veracity.

I am interested in seeing the film, but consider it fantasy to stand in line in the cold. I will wait six months. And then Gaboot.

Gaboot. *Devil Hunter* is the name of a new strip I am scripting for the magazine you now hold in your hands. It is based on the concepts of demonic possession and exorcism. For some reason, the editors believed I was the one writer best suited to handle such a strip. Perhaps they were right. If they can get me, after two scripts, to commence writing it.

I knew a witch once. She was very attractive to male-demons, me back then, and I considered her nothing more than an extremely happy chick who thought it was hip to worship Satan. I even thought it was hilarious. But I kept my thoughts to myself and she fell for me, and she liked the way I was quiet and looked right through people's souls. Then she found out I wrote fiction for horror comic books, films in which sometimes death harsh blows to fictional analysts of Satan and other garden-variety witches. She got very weird and I left her, but not before she placed a bet on me for redacting her fellow Satanists.

The bet never panned out. — and a *

Two months ago I sat down to compose the first episode of Gaboot. *Devil Hunter*. It worked well. I thought, with one major exception: Roy Thomas didn't care for my title — **BLISTERS IN THE SOUL** — and changed it to a sample **GABRIEL, DEVIL HUNTER**.

But the next day something happened to me, something I didn't connect with the Gaboot story until about two or three weeks ago. The property of this magazine dictates that I remain vague about it, but it was something which affected a physiological function in a fairly shocking way. To say that I freaked out is an understatement. The urologist claims it's the worst case

of this condition he's ever come across, describes its effect — in me alone — as agonizingly overcorrecting, and warns that only adequately prolonged treatment will ameliorate the situation. In other words, after two months of treatment which eat up a half-hour of each day, two hours of one day each month at the doctor's office and require that I swallow two pills a day, it hasn't even begun to get better.

Like I said, at the time I didn't connect the two.

Two weeks ago it's time to script the second Gabriel installment. Now let me profess this in all modesty by saying that I'm perhaps the fastest writer the Marvel offices have seen. I've produced thirty-six pages in a ten-hour day when other writers have confessed that six pages in a day is considered good for them. So I'm lucky.

And so I sit down to script the second Gabriel, expecting as always to complete it in a single sitting. I had n't written a script yet which hadn't been finished in one shot — beginning to end, I might say.

The second Gabriel shattered my record.

I got to page ten and headbored hard a hole through my chest and bubbled hot lava up the back of my throat. I can remember testing headbore maybe three times in my entire life of seventy-six years. It's not something I get all the time. And granted my experience is limited with it, but I really don't think it's supposed to do you in the way I was doing in. I couldn't breathe. Had to stop writing after a stubborn half-hour of plugging ahead, figuring it'd go away any minute. So I finally got up from the typewriter and staggered over to the couch to get two hours' small kitchen. And I couldn't even eat. Now that, I swear, is the first time I've been unable to finish a meal — rather, to hardly even start it.

And, of course, I had trouble sleeping.

A bad day at the Marvel offices next day.

I first began determined to finish that Gabriel story in no time flat. I plough into it, writing faster than I've written in years, with one finger flying across the keyboard, never once missing the right key, pouring every ounce of my concentration into the story, seized by unseen forces with what I'm producing, impressed by my own words, by the developing subplots — writing the bloody thing as though possessed by it. And it's great, untroubled through the continuity, the story improving in direct proportion to my phenomenal increase in speed. I'm oblivious to everything but the typewriter, being taken for a ride by the cravily clacking machine.

And then I reach the panel. I reach the caprice. I reach the very word. The very word where I'm signing out the demon in a brutal display of taunting and mockery — and the damage returns atop scraps apart, halting the movement of the carriage, sending the tension wheel into a frenzied abrupt spin which produces a whizzing sound three times louder than it has my right to be — and I'm shocked from my fit of frenzied writing and left gaping at the blarney first letter of that word which would have exorcised the demon from Veronica Miller's corrupted soul.

Before *and* the long stop together for me — and I finish the story in a burst of what can only be described as violent defiance.

I sleep deeply that night, but wake up nervous, with half-remembered dreams. The first dream I remember since adolescence.

I turn the story in and a friend from Chicago calls. She's in trouble, needs money, will arrive in New York



the next day.

Two nights later everything's cool and DeJors and I decide to take our friend to the movies. The fans for **THE EXORCIST** have diminished, in fact, we've noticed no fans for the past few days. We go.

There's a line. We wait, despite my stubborn insistence that I will never stand in line for anything. The line moves slowly. We watch the front. The other audience the house has just sold out. We turn away, with three blocks to another theatre showing the film. The line is

even longer but we manage to reach the token office.

I discover I've lost my wallet. Twenty-five dollars and all identification, even the card listing my next appointment date with the doctor.

The two girls arrange enough money for admission. We are seated.

I am nervous. I've been told that this will be the first movie to "haunt" me. But I'm disappointed. The only thing which bothers me is that I've lost my wallet and the apprehension of it being to be bothered by the movie. I was nervous about what the movie was supposed to do to my head, and that was the full extent of what was done to my head. The most the movie accomplished was entertaining me in a perverse manner and providing me with something with which to compare my own Gabriel winks. My intellectual security was left intact even if my wallet wasn't.

We leave the theater with less money than dinner will require. Returning home is gloomy, and clipped off by the apartment doorknob falling off and clacking to the floor as we shut the door. There is only one door to my apartment, the doorknob is it lies on the floor. The door is unlocked, anybody can walk right in. We can't get out for our lives. It's absurd — ludicrous, tedious, ridiculous and chilling all at once.

I grab my coat and head for the window leading to the fire escape.

"I don't want you falling off the fire escape in the dark," Debra says.

I reply that I won't fall and begin opening the window. I decide that Debra, as calm and sensible as she is, can sometimes get a little paranoid.

What if someone thinks you're a prowler and decides to shoot you? With your long hair you do look like a prowler, you know.

Suddenly I join Debra in the realm of New York paranoia. The thought is entirely plausible. I shut the window.

We tinkle with the doorknob speedily for compensating emotions.

And then we finally decide to give Gerry and Carla Conway a buzz. They live around the block.

They arrive and so thrust through the burglar proof, thick door, knowing that Gerry and Carla are unable to open the door even from the outside and despite the fact that only half of the doorknob is still attached.

But finally they rescue us and they're invited to chat. And it is during our conversation that I begin to fit the pieces together and decide that if my string of mishaps is to be attributed to coincidence it is indeed a damn run of coincidence. I don't even want to guess the odds against it, but I do decide to write this article.

And I already have made a decision regarding the Gabriel series, and I decide to conclude the proposed article with:

The third installment of Gabriel will be written in roughly four weeks. Should coincidence permit in dumping its drops on my head, it will be the last installment I'll write. I will tell the editors they are wrong, some other writer is better suited for the series — someone with a stronger constitution, or maybe someone with a weaker constitution, depending on which side of the fence you straddle.

But my article runs and here, as envisioned that night of the Great Doorknob Conspiracy, for the next morning I arrived at work and there were the proofed pages for

the second Gabriel story. All of them except the last three pages — the pages in which the demon is wiped out. The artist tells me that strange things happened to him while working on the pencils. He developed a severe pain in that portion of his anatomy which occupied his drawing chair. And when he got to the first of the last three pages — and began drawing the scene in which the demon is ascribed — he spilled col for all over it.

These pages.

That's why those pages are missing. He's redrawing the pages — for the fourth time. At this writing, the pages still haven't come in.

Ah, but the first Gabriel episode is completed, written, proofed, lettered, inked and ready for production. I proofread it. The credits have now been placed on the splash page. I look at the splash, it's a scene of a decrepit church, crucifixes severed, pews destroyed, the wall, stained, blasphemous graffiti scrawled here and there, the entire place a shambles. And then I begin to jot down the artist's name for the credit box, to be set on this splash page of a decrepit church.

The artist's name is Billy Graham. He has worked for years in comics, been the constant butt of jokes flowing on his name — and yet it occurred to no one that his name on a series like Gabriel might appear to be a sick joke to those unfamiliar with Billy's work. And yet even if it had occurred to us, we still would have given the series to Billy. Simply because we feel he's "needed" for it. There is nothing to do but insert his name in the credits even if no one will believe it.

Like I said, the next installment of Gabriel might be my last. I suspect Billy feels the same way.

And P.S. — Mr. Blatty I'm sorry I ever unchained at you.



A NDN-PAID COMMERCIAL THAT WILL DRIVE YOU CRAZY™

Hi. Remember the latest? Remember The Beatles? The Man in Vietnam? Remember Love-boat? I'm Stan Lee, and during those celebrated years of the 1960s I introduced Spider-Man, The Fantastic Four, and all those other seminal shattering epics you so fondly remember.

Well, I'm now offering you something new, something different, something so called-spectacular that you won't be able to say NO!



For a limited time only, you can buy the sixth issue of CRAZY Magazine! The magazine leaves the scolding letters be held and shreds a sword into the annual swordplay with such lunaticlight tributes to

The Ecchordist! Remember that one True Believer? Remember those spores a high inside you lose your cookies? Well, there's even more fun waiting for you here!



POLITICKLES

THE SUNNY BOZO COMEDY HALF HOUR

SAPILLON

CRAZY'S HORRIBLE CRAZIES

THE ECCHORDIST

Yes, there's much more. Not Man, Myth & Magic, and the ever popular Mythological Moose waiting to bring your taste buds with loads of delightful lunaticness. And do not sleep here!



CRAZY'S RADIO SHOW

WEEPER

MYTHOLOGICAL MOOSE

YOMAIN

THE ULTIMATE GAME SHOW

MAN, MYRTH & MAGIC

No way, Grasshoppers. Because if you buy right now, we will include free at charge the following enlightening and entertaining goodies:

Such as CRAZY'S Ultimate Game Show, Sapillon, and more!

IF REAL PEOPLE NEEDED AN EXORCIST

THE CHAIR BOZO COMEDY HALF HOUR

ETC.

ETC.

ETC.

ETC.



Yes, all this can be yours for only 49¢! That's right, 49¢—if you rush to your nearest store on June 25th!

Send you in the Safety Letters, 24/7! Ring loose and Pardon!



MISSED ANY MONSTERS LATELY?

DRACULA! ZOMBIE!

SHANG-CHI! SATANA!

GABRIEL, DEVIL-HUNTER!

LILITH! KA-ZAR!

MORBIUS! CONAN!

FRANKENSTEIN!

And, of course,

THE CRAZY

NEBBISH!



'WELL, DON'T DARE RISK MISSING ANY MORE—SUBSCRIBE!'

Or the curse of Tim-Buu-Ba will strike you!

MARVEL MAGAZINE GROUP, Subscription Dept.
575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Yes! I don't want to risk missing any more monsters (and any of your fan magazines) for as little. So here's my hard-earned check or money order only for:

TITLE	RATES		
PLANET OF THE APES (six issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	\$9.00	\$7.50	\$9.00
SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN (six issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	6.50	7.50	9.00
DRACULA LIVES! (six issues)	6.00	6.00	6.00
TALES OF THE ZOMBIE (six issues)	6.00	6.00	6.00
VAMPIRE TALES (six issues)	6.00	6.00	6.00
HAUNT OF HORROR (six issues)	6.00	6.00	6.00
SAVAGE TALES (six issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	6.00	6.00	6.00
MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES (six issues)	6.00	7.50	7.50
DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU (twelve issues) <input type="checkbox"/>	10.00	16.00	16.00
CRAZY (seven issues)	3.00	4.00	6.00

Name
Address
City State Zip

*An authorized advertisement of the
NMMS**

**Merry Marvel Monster Society.



...RISING FROM THE CLOBBY TUNNEL
BUT, THE CREATURE THAT WAS
BLIND FATHERSON LUNGED INTO
THE NIGHT - IN THE DARK...



...KNOWLEDGE
HE HAD...
...OF A
...OUR KIN-
...WITH A
...OF THE LANE
...AND TWO
...AND TWO
...YEARS...
...GOTS, FORTY
...EIGHT HOURS
...ADD...



... FOR THAT
...FROM
...YOU, JOE
...BUTTER-
...A PROPER
...WITH BERRY
...PICKING
...AND NO
...HEART--
...CAME TO
...TOWN!





YOU HADN'T EARLY APPROX-
IMPROVED, IMMEDIATELY DEER
AND INCONSCIOUSLY JUMPED!











THE ZOMBIE HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE!

Simon Garth, the Man Without a Soul,
caught in a deadly web of
intrigue and murder most foul!!

"TESTAMENT OF BLOOD"

Also: a sinister tale of
voodoo vengeance

A SECOND CHANCE TO DIE!

Plus: a host of photos and features—

What more could a body want?!

Eerie eighth issue—ON SALE NOW!

TALES OF THE
ZOMBIE

AT LONG LAST--

KA-ZAR!

THE LORD OF THE HIDDEN JUNGLE
STRIKES — IN AN ALL-NEW
NOVEL-LENGTH THRILLER

— PLUS —

BRAK THE BARBARIAN

SWORD VS. SORCERY IN THE CATAclysmic
CONAN TRADITION

ALL THIS AND MORE FOR JUST 75¢, IN
THE SIXTH SENSATIONAL ISSUE OF

SAVAGE TALES

ON SALE JULY 23 — WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE DISPLAYED

MISSED ANY MARVEL

Don't fret, faithful one! The Marvel Back Issue



MASTERPIECES LATELY?

Emporium is now open and ready for business!



Order today—before this unique selection of soon-to-be valuable back issues vanishes with the rising sun!

Okay, you win! I was asleep in my tomb when your giant-size mags went on sale! Please send me



- _____ CRAZY #1 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ CRAZY #2 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ CRAZY #3 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ CRAZY #4 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ SAVAGE TALES #2 at \$4.00 each (total)
- _____ SAVAGE TALES #3 at \$4.00 each (total)
- _____ SAVAGE TALES #4 at \$3.00 each (total)
- _____ DRACULA LIVES #3 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ DRACULA LIVES #4 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ DRACULA LIVES #6 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ VAMPIRE TALES #1 at \$2.50 each (total)
- _____ VAMPIRE TALES #3 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ VAMPIRE TALES #4 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ VAMPIRE TALES #5 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ MONSTERS UNLEASHED #2 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ MONSTERS UNLEASHED #3 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ MONSTERS UNLEASHED #4 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ MONSTERS UNLEASHED #5 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ MONSTERS UNLEASHED #6 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ KLING FU #1 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ KLING FU #2 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #2 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #3 at \$2.00 each (total)
- _____ TALES OF THE ZOMBIE #6 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ HAUNT OF HORROR #1 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ HAUNT OF HORROR #2 at \$1.50 each (total)
- _____ MONSTER MADNESS #3 at \$1.25 each (total)
- _____ MONSTER MADNESS #2 at \$1.00 each (total)
- _____ MONSTER OF THE MOVIES #1 at \$1.00 each (total)

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____ (includes postage and handling)

Mail coupon to: MARVEL MONSTER GROUP Dep't B
575 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SORRY MINIMUM ORDER \$3.00

New York residents add sales tax. Canadian and foreign orders add 75¢ for postage 75¢ for postage.

AS DARK STORMS THE WIND-LEASHED WAVES CRASH AGAINST THE DANGEROUS ROCKS! INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE, THE LONELY KEEPER PREPARED TO TURN THE BEACON ON! BUT EVIL LURKS BELOW THOSE CHANGING WATERS... AND THE DEGREE OF EVIL IS THAT THE WARNING BEACON REMAINS DARK TONIGHT!

THEY WAIT BELOW

FOR SIX GLOOM-DRAINING MONTHS, **NEPT MONSIEUR** HAS BEEN WITHOUT SIGHT OR SOUND OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING.



I'VE BEEN ALONE TOO LONG...

IF I COULD ONLY BE AMONG FOLKS AGAIN.



TO HEAR LAUGHING AND TALK!



I'VE TRIED THAT!



I NEED REST!



AYEH, NO CHANCE OF THAT! TELL MY RELIEF COMES!



AYEH, NO CHANCE OF THAT! TELL MY RELIEF COMES!



IT'S TIME NOW...



TIME TO LIGHT THE BEACON!



TO LIGHT THE...



ZZZZ

ART BY BERNARD KUYLEN



AND JUST BEYOND THE HORIZON, A SHIP IS STEERING A COURSE THAT WILL BRING IT CRASHING INTO THE JAGGED ROCKS



UNLESS MART DONOHUE REMEMBERS TO LIGHT THE HAZARDOUS BEACON





WE'RE IN FOR
A BAD STORM
WATE!



WYE, CAPTAIN!
BUT IT'S NOT
THE STORM
THAT WORRIES
ME.



IT'S THOSE
BOOKS THAT THE
CHART SAYS
SHOULD LIE
DEAD AHEAD!



IF THERE ~~ARE~~
BOOKS, THERE'D
BE A WARNING
BEFORE, WATE.



AND THERE'S
NOTHING AHEAD
BUT DARKNESS!



WITH THE
CAPTAIN'S PER-
MISSION, I'D
LIKE TO SOUND
THE FOGHORN!



IF I'LL MAKE
YOU HAPPY,
START SOUNDING!



A FOGHORN CLOUD
BY, AND THE
BEACON'S STILL
DARK! WATE!

NOT!



IT'S BE RIGHT
DOWN!

WAT
DOWN HERE
WITH ME!



GASP!

I-I KNOW
WHAT!

I-I'VE READ
ABOUT
THEM!



YOU MUST BE
ONE OF THOSE
BURENS I'VE
READ ABOUT!



YOU, YOU!

YOU'VE BEEN
HOLDING ME
DOWN HERE!



THE SHIP MUST
CRASH INTO THE
BOOKS, SO YOU
AND I...AND MY
SISTERS...CAN
PLUNDER IT!



YOU'LL BE
RECK WAT!

RIGHT!

WATE!



IN THE MORNING, THE MEN FROM THE VANDERBILT HEAR MATT TELL ABOUT THE BURNING OF THE LIGHTHOUSE, AND HOW THE FIRE WARNED THE SHIP OFF.



BUT WHEN THEY HEAR OF THE BURNING.



HELL IS LOADED WITH THE HORRIBLE STENCH OF ROT AND THE PUTREFACTION. ITS BLOODS AND-
 GRAVE PERMEATES THE CARBONIC FITE...
 BECOMING A PART OF THE AERIAL PLACE...



...AND EVEN THE FILTHY SLUGS WATCH SHAME,
 AND SLIT THROUGH THESE DAMNED-SUFFERS
 ITS SILENCE... BEAUTIFUL BY EDWARD SON.

DEEP WITHIN THE BOMBS OF THIS
 SANCTUARY OF EVIL, FAR BEYOND THE
 LARGEST CONTAINS OF EXCULCATING
 FLAME, BURTS A THUNDER, HEAVEN FROM
 A SHOCK-BLACKENED WALL OF
 SOLID BRICK.

SEVEN DAYS FROM NOW, LORD SATAN--MASTER OF
 CORRUPTION AND DEPRIVATION--AND UPON THAT THING
 SLOWLY TURNED TO HIS MOST CORRUPTIOUS SACRAMENT
 AND--IN A VOICE RICHED OF BRAGGADOZZ--SAYS!

YES, I AM
 EXPECTING
 DEATH!

DEATH,
 WOULD'Y? BUT
 ART THY NOT
 UNDESIRABLE
 BEYOND DEATH?



LAST
 DECENT
 TO
 HELL





THE FLOOD IN BLACK CONTINUALIZES THE
SCORCHED PICTURE OF DEATH SHOWN IN HIS
MIND... BEYOND THE AUTO-DESTRUCTION
WELLING FROM CLOSER TORMENT...



...AND HE FEELS... A WIST
MIXED EXHALATION OF
THE DEEPEST WITHIN HIM.

ANY MORE THE DARK CANNOT POSSIBLY HIM
TO PROTECT... TRAPPIST CHANGING ABOUT AT 12...



...AND THE KNOWLEDGE HAVING
HEAVILY ON HIM, HE STEPS
THROUGH THE LITTERED
CARNAGE, AND ADVANCES
DESPITE THE CHAINS
OF HELL.

DEATH TRAVELERS THE
BROOD-THIN CAUSEWAY TO
SATAN'S SEQUESTERED LAIR
WITH RELENTLESS GAIT AND
DETERMINED RESOLVE, SEARCHED
GLANCING AT THE GIBBERING
SULPHUR FITS BELOW. THEIR
FUGENT STUBBORNNESS IS
WASTED ON HIM...



...DILATED IN THE
CHAOS OF HIS
PREOCCUPATION

HE RECALLS THE UNOBTAIN-
ABILITY OF SATAN AND IN ORDER
HE HAS LIVED. NO... PROMISED,
AND PERPETUAL HED.



AND ONCE AGAIN HE REVEALS
THE PURPOSE OF HIS EYE-LONG
JOURNALS OF DEATH THE SOLE
PURPOSE OF HIS EXISTENCE
TO PROVIDE SATAN WITH A CAUSE
OF SOULS DISMEMBERED IN
TORMENT.

DEATH REITS HIS BLACK-HEATED
SOWING, REFLECTING UPON THE
SADISTIC REASON FOR HIS
DEATH... AND HE IS STRENGTHENED
BY HIS DECISION THAT THIS ONLY
DEATH SHALL
HAVE POWER
WITH SATAN.



FORCEFULLY, HE PLUNGES
THROUGH A BRISTLING WALL OF
ALABAMA... TO ENTER THE MYTHIC
WORLD'S INNER RECESSSES.



HE HAS PENETRATED THE FINAL BARRIER-- I CAN FEEL HIS INFERNAL APPROACH.

BUT HOW WILL THOU SLAY DEATH, M'LORD-- NOW??



THERE IS A WAY, PLUS A CURIOUS, UNSPOOLED WAY...

#FLOOD...?



THE SPECIAL OF TORMENT-- INTO WHICH IS CONFINED COUNTLESS BILLIONS OF DAMNED SOULS.

HOW WILL DEATH FORM, DO YOU THINK, SLUGGAS-- AGAINST SUCH A PLAGUE OF LIFE?

DEATH BEELS BATES CHANGING HE GAUGES HIS INCREASING VIOLENCE BY THE MULTITUDINE HORRORS OF DERNING WHICH SWELL UP AND ENGENDER TO OBSCURE HIS PASSAGE...



...HORRORS OF DERNING HE INFUSION WITH HIS PERSONAL ESSENCE OF DEATH.



SHIFTLY

HE PROBABLY

...LIVES FORWARD JAWED, SCATTERING THE REMAINS OF HIS BROTHER LIKE SCORPED GRASS...



...ALWAYS PROGRESSING AHEAD...

WITH HIS
REACHING
A COLLATERAL
FODAL OF
SOMETHING.



...MAYBE THROUGH IT.

...AND FACES.

SATAN!
IT IS DEATH...
COME TO
GREET YOU.

IT LORD--HE
CHALLENGES
THEE... AS
THOU HAST
EXPECTED.

SILENCE,
DEED. I
AM NOT
BLIND...
NOT
DEAD!

ARE YOU DISSATISFIED
WITH YOUR POWER,
DISCONTENTED WITH YOUR
STATION IN LIFE... AS
MY SUBORDINATE?

BUT YOU HAVE PER-
FORMED IN YOUR ROLE
SO ADMIRABLY, DEATH.
WE FUNCTION AS
ONE, YOU AND I...

I PLANTING
THE SEEDS
OF EVIL IN
INNOCENT
MORTALS... AND
WHEN THAT EVIL
HAS CORRUPTED
THEIR LIVES, YOU
REAPING THEIR
SOULS FOR THE
GIVING OF AWE.

DEATH GRINNING, BLINDED, AND FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN HIS HISTORY
OF ETERNITY, LONG... HE FEELS
HUMILED.

AND NOW... AND NOW, FRIEND
DEATH, YOU WISH TO END IT
ALL BY DONKEY BATTLE
WITH ME...

I HAVE GROWN
TIRED OF DEATH...
BURN ON MY
SELF!





I'VE NOW--
I'VE
DEFEATED
DEATH!

--AND NOW THAT
DEATH HAS DIED,
O LORD... NOW ALL
THOU BATHES
ANY OTHER
SOULS?

BUT IF LORD...
HE HATH
FIXED THY
COLLECTION
OF SOULS
FROM TREASON--

NO... IT CAN'T
BE-- I HAVE JUST
WITNESSED DEATH
HATH BEEN...

ILIONS--
YOU
SCORCHED
ME INTO
THIS-- YOU
BETRAYED
ME...



WE ARE ALL
CREATURES
OF ARMY,
O LORD!

...AND SEVEN DAYS FROM NOW,
SATAN REPENTED.

NEXT ISSUE:

HORROR TIMES FIVE!

SATANA, THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER in *"This Side of Hell"*

by Tony Isabella & Enrique Romero

GABRIEL, DEVIL-HUNTER in *"To Worship the Damned"* by Doug Moench & Sonny Trinidad

A second SATANA shocker in prose form! *"Doorway to Dark Destiny"* by Chris Claremont

Plus: two tales of terror—then and now! *"Dragonseed"* by Len Wein and Steve Gan. *"Deathwatch"* by Gerry Conway and Yong Montano

And wait'll you see the photos and features we've conjured up to entertain you between the main acts!

68 pages of illustrated excitement! All waiting for you in the cadaverous contents of

THE HAUNT OF HORROR

Fear-fraught fourth issue—
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 17th

